

## IN THE LONG RUN.

In the long run fame finds deserving men;  
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,  
But in good time true merit leads the van,  
And vain pretense unnoticed goes its way.  
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait.

In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow says;  
There is no better thing than righteous pain.  
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,  
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.  
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,  
But sorrows yield a glorious dividend

In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;  
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,  
And good or ill, thy secret shall be known,  
However well 'tis guarded from the light.  
All the unspoken motives of the breast  
Are fathomed by the years and stand confessed

In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,  
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;  
The great Eternal Government above  
Keeps strict account and will redeem its worth.  
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost;  
So beautiful a thing was never lost

In the long run.

—Ella Wheeler

## CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of the city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to spy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barnyard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, the unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with point of a bayonet in her well rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go of my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is with these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when

"A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Red-wolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she impatiently, "while you keep me here talking, they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed, "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the General, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—St. Nicholas.

## The Minister Ceased to Wonder.

Apropos to the Egyptian trouble, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during our trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago.

He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim in life.

When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and drenched by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Savior once stood.

Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand awaiting an answer.

"Ah! what the 'smatter 'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the Sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Ya-a-s."

"And this is where our Savior walked upon the water?"

"Ya-a-s."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Wa-al, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'."

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out. Twenty to git back."

"And do you charge everybody \$20 to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher.

"Ya-a-s. That's about the figger."

"Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked."

—New York Dispatch.

## Andrew Jackson's Repentance.

Evangelist Barnes.

I was brought up to admire Andrew Jackson—his pluck and brain power—and I was attracted by an account given of his conversion. The old General, very sick, began to think of eternity and to ponder over his sins, and he didn't have far to go to find sin enough to make him miserable, for he had been a duelist and a terrible blasphemer, and a great sinner generally.

So he sent for Dr. E., an excellent man—an L. L. D. very likely—but he had been raised on the diabolical system of theology that we all have had, and he thus began: "General, do you feel—the old theology always begins in feeling—that you are a sinner in the sight of God?"

"O, yes, Doctor, I feel that I am a terrible sinner; something must be done; it won't do to die in this way."

"Are you willing to forsake your sin?"

"Oh, yes, I am resolved to quit and to begin a new life," and the General said it with an air of pluck that meant business, as much so as when he fought the Indians, or vetoed the United States bank, or performed any other decisive act.

"Are you willing to connect yourself with the visible church, and cast your lot with God's people?"

"Yes, sir; I've made up my mind to that."

"General, do you forgive all your enemies?"

A silence followed.

"No, sir, I don't; I cannot do that."

"But don't you think you could bring your mind to it?"

"No; some of them I might forgive, if they'd keep out of my sight, but others are abominably mean, and I can't forgive them."

Dr. E. stated that he could give the General no hopes while in such a frame of mind, and requested the sick man to pray over it, he left to partake of a supper of fried chicken, waffles, tea and other creatures of comfort, and then went to the sleep of the just, while the poor stricken General tossed all night in physical and mental agony. Next morning Dr. E. called again, repeating the question, and the sick man jerked out: "Yes, sir," and it was a lie. He tried to feel forgiving—he worked himself into saying yes; but when men forgive freely they don't do it with a jerk; but the Lord understood the case better than the theologian, and there's our hope and comfort.

## Too Many Generals.

A Detroit saloon-keeper who spent considerable money for decorations and worked his patriotism up to the top round, was heard wondering if any of the Generals would be around to see him, and this gave one of his acquaintances a clue to work on. He went off and put up a job with a friend, and yesterday morning walked him in the saloon and said:

"Allow me to introduce General Alpa Smith, the hero of three wars and eighty-four battles."

"Sheneral, I vhas glad to see you," said the saloonist, and he set 'em up for three.

In the course of twenty minutes the deceiver returned with another stranger on his arm and said:

"Allow me to introduce General Commissary Jones, the man who fired the first gun in the war."

"Sheneral, I vhas blessed to shake hands mit you," said the man of beer, and he set 'em up again.

Then the friend went out and returned with General Hard Tack, and after him came Generals Debility and Back Pay. The last one received a rather cool greeting, and the beer glasses were not quite full, and after he had departed the saloonist turned to his friend and said:

"My fren, I vhas mooch blessed to see all dose great Shenerals in mine saloon, but you needn't bring any more to-day. From now until night we'll let der Shenerals go and look out for der fighting man. Dose men always bay cash for beer!"—Detroit Free Press.

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.



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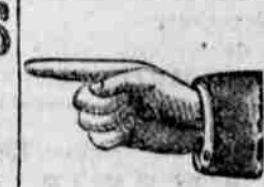
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